

The Tragedie

And thus my battell shall be ordered,
My foreward shall be drawne in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foote,
Our Archers shall be placed in the midst,
John Duke of Norffolke, Thomas Earle of Surrey,
Shall haue the leading of the foote and horse,
They thus directed, we will follow
In the maine battell, whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefeft horse:

This and Saint George to boote, what thinkest thou Nor.

Nor. A good direction warlike soueraigne, *He sheweth
him a paper.*
This found I on my tent this morning.

*Lockey of Norffolke be not so bold,
For Dickon thy maister is bought and sold.*

King. A thing deuised by the enemye,
Goe Gentlemen euery man vnto his charge,
Let not our babling dreames affright our soules,
Conscience is a word that cowards vse,
Deuide as first to keepe the strong in awe,
Our strong armes be our conscience, swords our lawe
March on, ioyne brauely, let vs too it pell mell,
If not to heauen, then hand in hand to hell.

What shall I say more then I haue inferd? *His Oration to
his Armie.*

Remember whom you are to cope withall,
A sort of vagabonds, rascals and runawaies,
A scum of Brittain, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their oreloyed country vomits forth
To desperate aduentures & assur'd destruction,
You sleeping safe, they bring you to vnrest:
You hauing lands, & blest with beauteous wiues,
They would restraine the one, distaine the other,
And who doth lead them but a paltrey fellow?
Long kept in Brittain at our mothers cost,
A milkesopt, one that neuer in his life
Felt so much cold as ouer shoes in snow:
Lets whip these straglers ore the seas againe,
Lash hence these overweening rags of France,
Thee famisht beggers weary of their liues,
Who but for dreaming on this fond exployt,
For want of means poore rats had hangd themselves

of Richard

If we be conquered, let men con
And not these bastard Brittaines
Haue in their owne land beaten,
And on record lest them the he
Shall these enioy our lands, lye w
Rauish our daughters, harke I he
Right Gentlemen of England, fi
Draw Archers draw, your arrows
Spur your proud horses hard, and
Amaze the welkin with your bro
What saies Lord Stanley, will he

Mes. My Lord, he doth denie

King. Off with his sonne Geo

Nor. My Lord, the enemye is
After the battaile, let George Sta

King. A thousand hearts are
Aduance our standards, set vpon
Our auncient word of courage fa
Inspire vs with the spleene of fieri
Vpon them, victorie sits on our h

Alarum, excursions, En

Cat. Rescwe my Lord of Norf
The King enacts more wonders t
Daring an opposite to euery dang
His horse is slaine, and all on foote
Seeking for Richmond in the thro
Rescwe faire Lord, or else the day

Kin. A horse, a horse, my king

Cat. Withdraw my Lord, ile h

Kin. Slaue I haue set my life v
And I will stand the hazard of the c
I thinke there be sixe Richmonds
Five haue I slaine to day, in stead o
A horse, a horse, my kingdome for

*Alarum, Enter Richard and Richmo
then retrait being founded. Enter
croune, with other Lords.*

Ri. God and your armes be pra
The day is ours, the bloudie dog is

Dar. Couragious Richmond, w